BRITISH
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MUSEUM

ELEGY

ON THE

MOURNFUL BANISHMENT,

OF

James Campbell of Burnbank,

To the *West-Indies.*

NOW let salt Teats run down our Cheeks,
The only Son of *Mongo Gleeks*
Is to be baniſht in few Weeks,
O're to *Virginia* !
I'd rather given all in my Breeks ;
And that's a Guinea.

F---d cut the Cutts that takes him there,
I'm ſure it's far from being fair :
For very ill can we him ſpare,
We'll lead ſad Lives a
Alas ! He'll counſel us nae mare
To guide ill Wives.

They'd help to lead him down the *Bote*,
To take a Dance in *Harry's* Tow :
Then mony Hearts would merry grow,
Nane would complain,
And ſay, when they'd dreſs'd his black Pow,
He's fair dreſſeen.

But now that's unkou Kind of Law,
To ſend poor *Banky* clean awa,
To *Pagan*-Folk, he never ſaw ;
They've wrang'd him :
They'd better us'd him like *Bogball*,
And hang'd him.

What will be *Banky's* Occupation,
When he is baniſht frae the Nation,
Unto a far, far off Plantation ?
Come I will venture,
Murder, Adultery, Imoticaſion,
A rare fine Planter !

And if that he be ſpar'd alive,
To ſee his brave Plantation thrive ;
All Rogues and Villans (here) will ſtrive
For to go there :
A walie Trade with him they'll drive :
But here they're bare.

O ! but my Heart it ſurely grieves,
To think that he with Whoors and Thieves,
Man drudg amang Tobacco-Leaves,
Dreeping with Sweat :
While a' the Wages he receives,
Scarce hell Folks Meat.

Blae will he look, to think he's loſt
His creditable, Caſtle-Poſt :
And baniſht to an *Indian*-Coſt,
For being Knave.
Of *Banky* now we'll nae mair boaſt,
for he's a Slave.

Drop Burial Guns, ye War-like-Folk,
That live upon the Caſtle-Rock ;
Becauſe that your Store-keeper's broke,
And like to beg.
Ye'd better ſhot him throw the Dock,
With great *Monſ-Meg*.

Tho' ſome Folk ſaid, *He was a Fool*,
Selling what Arms and Stores he took,
And put them in his awn Pouth-Nook ;
'Twas w
They're Fools that ſpeak without the
He kept them

I'm ſure before he want his Bread,
(For O he had a witty Head !)
With *Mercury* he'll be their Dead :
Or in
He'll gar them ſink, like as much Lead
It's like *Bur*

Or elſe a Doſe of *Laudanum*,
Mixt in among a little Rum,
Will make them ſa upon their Bum,
And ſleep for ere
Or a ſharp Knife their Gab will ſcum,
And reach the

Poor *Jemmy Muſchet*, *Griſſie Bell*,
Twa Folk that's very like himſell ;
Were they but there, they're a ſae ſell,
With little
They'd ſend ſome Sauls to Heaven or Hell
Had they a H

Him on the Street we'll nae mare ſee,
Running like a buſy Bee,
Contriving ay the other Pleg ;
He was a
But now he's baniſht o're the Sea ;
O that

When Meſſengers lift up their Hands,
To touch his Shoulders with their Wands,
Soon did he give them the lang Sands,
And drew his Rappe
He reckoned Captions, Bills and Bonds,
But uſeleſs

Now wha ſhall give us at a Call,
Muſquets, Piſtols, Powder and Ball,
Dropt from o're the Caſtle Wall,
Since *Banky's*
And *Maggie*, who reſet them all,
Is left her

I'm ſure three Ghoſts will haunt his Walls,
Blair's, *Nicoll Muſchet's* and *Peggy Half's* :
And when he ſees ſikt grim Cabalds,
He'll droup his He
The LORD hae Mercy on his Saul ;
They'll be his D

I'm told already, he's gane wood
In the Tolbooth, amang the Mud,
He threw *Franck Douglas* where he ſtood,
And baake his
And many Poor Folks, under a Clud,
Does meikle Harm

Me thinks I hear the News in Town,
That *Banky* is at laſt put down
By Poiſon, Steel, or Hempen-Roun,
Murdered him
A worthy End for ſikt a Lown,
And wicked